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# I've always wanted a Harem



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Ever since I became a horny teenager pumped with testosterone, I've wanted a harem.

No, I did not want a girlfriend. That vision is too narrow minded, I have to think about this on a GRAND scale.

And, anyways, girlfriends are too high-maintenance. Asking you to do this and do that, a harem means you have to invest less time into keeping them happy and more time into having fun. "Fun".

Anyways at present I have not procured a single girl yet, but I'm hoping that will change. (or I'll stay a stinky, weird, perverted boy with disgusting dreams forever. That works too.)

## Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



I searched high and low for willing participants. Posting flyers and advertising whenever I got a chance.

Nothing was working yet. It was ultimately disappointing and taking a toll on my confidence. However, one day at my part time job at the local video game rental store- a good friend and fellow pervert offered a solution to my issue.

"Have you tried going to a rave to advertise? There are tons of girls willing to support your cause!"

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That was it! I had been suffering from the same problem for years, using it- which had consisted of the loyal customers of the local video game rental store.

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Within the period of a few weeks- I had posted abundant amounts of flyers at all the raves I was able to attend.

Now one day- while I was busying myself with planning the future layout of my eventual harem, there came a knock at my apartment door.

Rushing to open it- I happened to trip over my coffee table which sent me flying through the air and brought me crashing to the floor directly in front of the door.

In response to the clamorous noises I had produced- I heard the unmistakable twitter of girls on the other side of my door.

Springing up- I threw the door open and greeted my visitors with the best grin I could manage.

There- in front of me- were three girls. A redhead and two blondes. It was a good start from the looks of it.

The redhead- who seemed to be their 'leader' had perhaps the most distinct style out of the three- black mini dress and tall boots- she meant business. One of the blondes had the classic red lips and short leather jacket while the other girl looked like she'd been scooped off the sandy shores of LA with her crop top and acid washed shorts that barely covered anything.

Their leader held up one of my flyers. "Is this the right place?" she asked giving me a questionable look.

"U-uh- why yes! Of course it is!"

Eyeing me for a moment- she must have decided I wasn't lying because she and the others made their way into my living room.

"Is his nose bleeding?" one of the blondes whispered to the other.

I turned scarlet and covered my nose with my dirty shirt sleeve. I probably looked like a mess to them.

"Yeah...but he is kinda cute...I mean he probably would be- if he took more showers and wore clothes that fit him." The LA chick whispered back in a response that was all too audible.

The redhead still hadn't stopped staring at me and it was really starting to freak me out. Finally, she spoke

"Alright- we'll stay. But only under a few conditions."

"I'm all ears!" I replied, just excited to have so many girls in my apartment at once.

"If you're going to be our harem master, you need to be looking AND acting like one!" she stated as she motioned to my outfit.

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"We'll help you- of course!" the classic 50s girl chirped in.

I could a sense a little red flag waving around in my mind- but I brushed it aside as I willingly agreed. I wasn't about to lose my first willing harem participants already.

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